LAST TRANSMISSIONS

There are many things that shouldn't have been, things that can't possibly be. In the world of reality, this is simple fact. But fiction is different. When a thing cannot be, the fabric of reality splits at the seams, creating a dimension where this thing can be. This creates hundreds of thousands of dimensions. Some dimensions merely change a character's hair color. In others, the good guys have lost, corrupted by the villains. People in the real world can cause a split by simply thinking "what if?". As a result, the amount of dimensions that can be are infinite.

Let us take a look at one such dimension in the Power Rangers canon. Here, the Morphin Grid- source of the Ranger's power- has fallen dead. There is not a single sign of light here. The Command Center has been abandoned, left to rot like some kind of technological beast. Rust serves as its scavengers, eating away at the outside of the once proud building. It goes without saying that the interior of the building is just as abandoned. Zordon's tube has been destroyed, and what remains of Alpha can be found in a corner nearby, the robot shut down forever.

What could be the reason for this? It all goes back to a foolish "what if?". The question that triggered the destruction of the base was "What if Rita Repulsa controlled the Power Rangers, making them her slaves?". This led to a domino effect of madness, each domino representing a fallen Ranger. Once all the Rangers were controlled, the base fell quickly. Turned against their mentor, the ex-Power Rangers attacked with expert skill and knowledge of all the Command Center's secrets. With its destruction, Rita took over as the ruler of Earth, leaving the Command Center to rot.

But what even Rita did not know was that there were other entities in play. Another "what if?" was brought to the table. Because of this simple "what if?", the Morphin Grid flashed and lit up once more- but only in one color and only very faintly. The color red returned to the grid, flashing like a broken traffic light every now and then.

Since that "what if?", changes took place around the Command Center. Secret technology was repaired thanks to records left by the previous Blue Ranger. It was crude, of course, but it was still able to do the impossible. It could restore the Morphin

Grid to its former glory. It could give this world a chance to dethrone Rita and restore justice.

All the one who turned the Command Center into his playground needed was six donors. And- oh! look!- they were coming right on time. He disappeared into the remnants of the center, waiting for the changes to occur.

Six kids were walking towards the abandoned Command Center. That was just fine for the small figure watching them with big brown eyes. In fact, it was perfect. He was huddled under a fallen pillar, watching with an old laptop on his lap. A long red tail and red wings wrapped around his body. Running a hand through spiky dark hair, he turned to the image on his computer screen.

RUMOR- Command Center really haunted? One of Angel Grove's greatest mysteries!

This was of course his own creation- his bait, the way he caught the fish now approaching the Command Center. Kids would always be curious and therefore dumb enough to wander right up to his domain. The Command Center was no longer secret ever since Rita destroyed the Rangers, so getting to it took only a short hike with minimal danger. The hidden figure observed each of the six kids approaching the Command Center and wrinkled his nose. There were six and it might work, but they were far from the perfect match he needed.

One of the girls led the way, her red dress a poor choice for traversing the rocky mountain despite her tough boots doing a good job of getting over the rocks. Her long blonde hair was tied back in a ponytail. Behind her toddled a small boy wearing a black t-shirt advertising a screamo band that probably had parental guidance warnings on all their albums. He was the youngest and palest of the lot with blue eyes. The red-dressed girl eventually turned around to pick him up. Their hidden observer assumed they were siblings.

In a faded pink tank-top and jeans was a real muscle monster. He appeared to be the oldest, with brawny arms and a stern face. His light brown hair was cropped sort. The hidden observer noticed he was trying to push his way ahead of the red-dressed girl. Rude! How rude! The traps inside the ruins of the Command Center would hopefully take care of that.

In a blue t-shirt and skirt was a girl with round glasses. She seemed to be talking a mile a minute- something about the mountain. That was slightly relieving for the hidden observer. She seemed intelligent, and that intelligence would make his life a million times easier. She was followed closely by a little girl wearing a sunny yellow hoodie that hid her features. From what little the observer could see, she appeared to be of Asian descent. She was a bit short in his opinion, but she'd do.

The last figure baffled the observer, but only for a second. His shirt was tye-dyed green and white, but the green was faded, indicating that the shirt was old. He was tall and of lanky build. This boy took up the rear looking around for some kind of "ghosts" or whatever he believed to be hiding on the mountain.

“Guys?” he asked in a raspy voice. “Maybe- maybe we should just go home. No one ever goes here for a reason, you know.”

“Oh, shut it, will you, Greg?” snapped the Asian girl. “We’re going just to prove this place isn’t haunted. You get that, right? There’s nothing here! When we get back to town alive tomorrow, we can finally stop that rumor from spreading at school.”

The hidden observer chuckled. Their attempts would not stop the rumor mill- far from it. It would only increase the rumors as they “disappeared”. Maybe that would bring more people. If it did, he could restore more Rangers in other places. With that in mind, he opened a new window on the computer, which demanded a password.

Typing in the keyword “Nabas!!!” with the quick flourish of one who had typed in this passcode many times before, he was rewarded with a blue screen showing a map of the Command Center. This was another gift the Blue Ranger left him before vanishing, only it now featured a few flashing lights in various colors. They were traps he spent months fixing. They were the traps that would restore the Power Rangers to their former glory.

The hidden observer closed up the laptop and scrambled out of his hiding place as the six kids got closer. Soon, it would be time for the real fun to begin.

It took little effort for the red-clad Sarah to open the door to the crumbling Command Center. Of course, she had some help. Crush- who refused to give any other name, even to his close friends- helped her open the door. Though he could be a bit of a pain, his strong body really did make things easier.

Molly watched cautiously, keeping one eye on Sarah’s younger brother Miles and another on the rock-face, half-expecting a monster to leap out at them. Yoshiko insisted there were no monsters, but Molly wasn’t sure. After all, monsters lived in their town ever since Rita Repulsa took over. They could do whatever they pleased to their human neighbors. Some people had even been turned into monsters. The very prospect of these grotesque things wandering around- with no one to save the people- always made Molly feel powerless.

“Um, did the Command Center ever have a door?” Molly asked. “I heard it had no doors.”

Sarah took a closer look at the door, which seemed to be crudely and recently made, like something cut into it with claws mere days ago. “That’s odd,” she said.

“Who cares if it had a door or not?” Crush growled. “There’s a door now. Let’s go.”

“No! I don’t wanna do this anymore!” Miles wailed.

“Fine. Then run back to town and cry about it, baby,” Crush spat.

Sarah glared at Crush, then walked up to Miles and crouched down to his height. “Don’t be scared,” she said. “We’re all going to be here with you, okay?”

Miles nodded, still holding back tears. Sarah looked up to find Crush and Greg were already entering the Command Center without them. This action caused the other four to rush in after them into a room full of dead machinery. Some of it sparked, creating haunting flashes that made Miles cling more and more tightly to his sister.

Sitting on top of a globe-like machine at the room’s center was a shape that could not be clearly made out. It was human and carrying something, but nothing else

could be determined in the darkness. “M-monster!” Molly shouted, making a break for the exit.

“By the power of Alpha and Omega,” the figure whispered, holding his hand out. His voice was high, like that of a child’s.

The earth began to shake as rocks from outside tumbled down, blocking the entrance. The six kids were now well and fully trapped inside the Command Center with no way out. This caused Miles to cry and Molly to hyperventilate.

“Hey!” Yoshiko snapped, seeming to care more about the figure than their new predicament. “What are you? How did you do that?”

The person appeared to become larger, but it was a trick of the lack of light. He had been sitting before and was now standing. At full size, he was at Miles’s height or a bit shorter. “I called upon the connections between dimensions,” he explained simply, as if this was a concept everyone understood.

“What the hell does that mean?” Yoshiko snapped.

“This world fell to the darkness,” the figure said, ignoring her. “But I can change that. By seeing other dimensions and using records my friend- or, well, a version of him- left me, I can bring heroes back to this world and chase away the darkness.”

“Okay, whatever, you fucking ghost,” snarled Crush. “Let us out!”

“Not until you have proven what you are,” the figure said seriously. “If you prove yourselves to be heroes, I’ll let you out.”

“And what if we’re bad guys to you?” Yoshiko asked.

The figure took a step forward and the ground began to rumble. “I don’t think it will be necessary, but I’ll have to fight you off,” the figure explained. “And believe me- I will defeat you.” With a wave of his hand, the earthquake settled down, allowing him to hear the sounds of Miles crying and Molly panicking. “But you don’t seem to be evil,” he added, his voice now sympathetic. “So I don’t think that will be necessary.”

In the middle of his last sentence, his voice cracked, causing him to cover his mouth with one hand and hold the object in the other, which appeared to be a laptop. “Damn,” he muttered. “I hate this form. If only I could turn *myself* back...”

“Whatever! We’ll prove that we’re heroes and get out of this dump!” Yoshiko roared.

“I see,” the figure said. “Each of you- pick a door.”

Six doors appeared behind him with a wave of his hand- one red, one yellow, one black with a glowing red outline so it could be seen in the darkness, one blue, one pink and one white. “Why should we pick a door?” Sarah asked in a demanding voice.

“Well, you could stay in this room forever,” the figure said, his voice returning to its original boyish form. “I’m not entirely cool with that, though, since you’ll get hungry. I don’t want you to starve. Just- just go in the doors.”

The figure eyed them in the darkness, one by one. “I’ll do it,” Sarah said. “We’ll all do it. It’s our only way out of here.”

“Are you insane?” Yoshiko snapped.

“But,” Sarah said, ignoring Yoshiko, “I’d like to know your name.”

“I will tell you my name once you have completed the trials behind the doors,” the figure said. “If I told you now, you might not want to proceed. Rest assured though- I’m not with Rita.”

“Fine!” Crush shouted. “I’ll go! I’m not gonna sit around in some dark, creepy-ass room!”

Crush stormed towards the door nearest to him- the pink one- and opened it with incredible force. He slammed the door shut behind him, causing an image of a pterodactyl to appear on its surface. It was a carving, clearly inspired by some kind of ancient culture. The creature stared down with an aura of power, causing the remaining five kids to shudder at its appearance.

“These rooms were always there, you know,” the figure explained. “Or, well, they were when someone wished them into existence a long time ago. My friend found them and documented them, but I finished the job because he- well, he’s no longer available to work on that project. I’m nowhere near as smart as he is, but I did my best.”

“Wait,” Sarah said as she clutched Miles close to her. “Why is he ‘no longer available’. What happened? Did he die?”

The figure’s voice cracked- due to his age or his sorrow, Sarah could not tell. There was a long silence before he finally spat out a single word- “Worse.”

“What- what the actual fuck?” Crush asked as he emerged into the room on the other side of the pink door.

The walls and ceiling were a pulsing salmon pink, and the floor of this room was a blue gymnastics mat that appeared to stretch out into the great beyond, past Crush’s sight. There were a few other gymnastics paraphernalia strewn about the room, but they were all lopsided. The balance bar nearest to him was the most peculiar. It was on its side and seemed to be melting into the mat, like it was in quicksand. A guitar not too far away was also showing this “melting” effect.

Wandering through what he mentally dubbed a Salvador Dali painting, Crush eventually came upon a full-length mirror. It had a bright pink frame with a set of paintbrushes thrown haphazardly at its base, like offerings to some long-dead god. Crush was starting to panic at the overall weirdness of the room and spun around to find the way out, only to find the pink door was gone. As soon as this discovery was made, the mirror began to glow and float away.

With a growl, Crush raced after the mirror with the hopes it would lead him to a new door- if not the original door- and get him out of this pink hell. He was so focused on this goal that he tripped on an unseen object and fell flat on the gymnastics mat, which fortunately softened his fall. Looking up, he noticed the mirror stopped moving. It was now floating in front of a gigantic stuffed pterodactyl. The creature seemed crudely made, with button eyes and patches all over its surface.

The mirror began to shine as its reflective surface swirled pink briefly before showing Crush the reflection of a girl. He recognized the brunette in front of him. It was Kimberly, the Pink Ranger, now one of Rita’s puppets. Like the Command Center, the true identities of each Power Ranger were revealed to the public upon Rita’s takeover. When they’d been unveiled on television, this girl’s eyes were dead, staring at nothing. That wasn’t the case here. They were full of life now, staring not at space, but into Crush’s soul.

Crush backed away from the mirror and its image of the girl. His heart raced as the swirling pink returned to the mirror’s surface. Words flashed across it- too quick for

him to read. A patch fell off of the pterodactyl toy's wing, but- instead of revealing stuffing- cold white metal appeared.

The whole experience was too odd, too surreal for Crush's mind, which was so accustomed to relative normalcy. Was this a monster or one of the ghosts he heard about? As if responding to his thoughts, the stuffed animal visibly bucked, shedding more of its plush surface and unveiling more red and white metal.

Crush felt like he'd seen the beast before and wanted to know what it was, but his gaze fell back to the mirror. He felt drawn by its pulsing colors, which seemed to be never-ending. Stranger still, they led to somewhere. Crush could see a hallway of pink, like some kind of fleshy tube. Not wanting to stick around until the monster freed itself from its cushy prison, Crush ran blindly into the mirror. He half-expected the sound of shattered glass and a million splinters, but- since this place didn't seem to run on any kind of logic- he went right through.

It was warm inside the mirror. It was almost too warm, as Crush could feel sweat burst from his pores the moment he entered. On the other end of the "hall" was a white and pink bow with a quiver of arrows. [*Great!*] Crush thought. [*I can use those to kill the monster and get out of here!*]

True to the room's unusual nature, the more Crush ran, the further away the bow and arrows got. He was panting heavily as the hallway seemed to squeeze him. Soon, his bulk prevented him from advancing as the hall was simply too narrow. With a grunt, Crush tried to advance to no avail.

"This sucks!" Crush roared. "If only I was thin enough to get through!"

This thought seemed odd to Crush. He'd always been proud of his muscular physique. But the desire to be slender- even if only to reach the bow- was now overwhelming him. He began to sweat even more as his wish was granted. Either the pink hall was giving way or he was becoming thin enough to fit.

Looking down at his arms, Crush realized it was the latter. His arm muscles bulged before slowly slimming down, like the air being let out of a balloon. What was left wasn't scrawny at all, by any means. He was thinner, sure, but these were slim muscles. He kept most if not all of his strength, which allowed him to barrel through the narrow hallway and into a more spacious section of the mirror.

Now able to assess himself, Crush found that he'd lost height as well. His formerly tree-trunk-like legs were now slim and slender. Their hairlessness made them look like a girl's. Crush hadn't noticed this detail in his struggle against the hall and scanned himself to find he was completely hairless, save for his eyebrows and the hair on his head. He was still strong, but looked very feminine.

"Dammit!" he roared. "When I get out of here, I'm going to kill that little runt!"

But how could he actually do that? Before his transformation, he could snap the boy's neck with his bare hands. Now, Crush only had one way to accomplish that- the bow. Storming towards the bow once more, he felt a tickling at the back of his neck as his hair lengthened.

"Fuckin' fantastic," he muttered as he grabbed one of the rapidly growing strands. To his shock, his hair was lightening, becoming the same light brown as the Pink Ranger's.

The pieces clicked all at once. The gymnastics stuff, the pterodactyl toy, the transformation of his body. All of it was geared towards one thing- turning him into the

Pink Ranger herself. A girlish scream escaped his mouth at this realization. He was going to get that bow and shoot that kid dead before any of the others were lured behind a door.

Through warm walls he ran- walls like flesh. The bow continued to play its mind games, getting further away the more he ran. Crush sighed and slumped against a wall. He realized that running towards the bow was likely what the little bastard wanted. It was all a game meant to change him. He had to get out of the mirror, forgetting the bow. As he turned to go, he slammed into a soft, warm mass. The way back had been sealed off.

With another girlish scream that Crush was trying to make sound tough, he decided not to go after the bow. It was a clear trap. So he would sit there and wait. Hopefully, the kid would realize something was up and go to investigate, allowing him to strangle- no- kill- wait- really hurt that kid.

Crush's head hurt, as did his chest. "Fu- uuuu," Crush muttered, but the curse word died in his throat. After all, it was vulgar to curse.

Wasn't it?

Crush flopped on his- no, her- back as two breasts of average size rose from his chest like loaves of bread in the oven. Her facial features slimmed, becoming more feminine. "No," he mumbled. "My name is Crush. And I'm gonna crush that kid. The bow!"

On hands and knees, Crush began to crawl towards the bow. A certain part of his anatomy vanished with a slurp, but she didn't notice since her mind was a whirlwind of activity. Thoughts and memories were clashing, as if they all existed, but they didn't at the same time. They seemed all fabricated as a result. And that made her nothing.

Crush didn't realize when the tunnel finally let up and allowed her access to the bow, but it did. She grasped it in her slim, dainty hand, panting heavily. "Finally," she said, her masculine voice totally gone. "With this, I can-"

She paused. Did she not want someone or something dead? Who? The boy who led her here? But she knew that boy from somewhere. Somehow. His voice was from childhood adventures, from school and- when it cracked- from the Juice Bar and fighting Rita's forces together. With a sigh, Crush realized she could not kill the boy, because the boy was-

Wait. Why was she calling herself "Crush"? Did she hang out with Bulk and Skull all of a sudden. That was such a stupid name. Her name was- and always had been- Kimberly Ann Hart.

At this realization, a loud screech came from outside. That screech belonged to one thing, and one thing only- the Pterodactyl Zord. Her Zord. She had to reunite with it. The mirror obliged, opening its flesh-like walls and allowing her to escape it. Sure enough, there it was, covered in stuffing and fabric.

Kimberly climbed aboard and waited for the boy to appear again. She knew he would. What could she say to him? Some monster had probably changed his age. If that was the case, then they had to work together to reverse it.

That boy was her friend, after all.

Meanwhile, back in the main chamber of the Command Center, the pink door vanished as suddenly as it appeared. “And then there were five,” the boy said, sitting down once more and examining something on his laptop.

“What do you mean?” Yoshiko snapped.

“I can’t say,” the boy replied.

“You can’t say, you can’t say,” Yoshiko growled. “I’d like you to look at what’s going on between us, shorty!”

“I can’t see in this darkness any better than you can, but I can hear,” the boy said.

There was a lot to hear. Molly’s panic attack settled down for a bit, only to return in full swing when she heard this conversation begin. Miles never stopped crying. He could hear Sarah trying to shush him. Greg was muttering to himself. From Sarah- who appeared to be the calmest of the lot- he’d already learned all of their names and who was most likely doing what.

“Tell me what’s going on right now!” Yoshiko ordered.

With a sigh, the boy only said, “Go through a door. Then you’ll find out. But I can’t tell you what’s behind them other than what I’ve already said.”

“Okay, I will!” Yoshiko growled. “I’m gonna go find Crush and then we’re gonna find a way out of here.”

Yoshiko stomped up to the yellow door and ran through before anyone could say “Stop!”. As soon as the door closed behind her, the image of a saber-toothed tiger- large and intimidating- inscribed itself on the door’s surface.

“I have a question about those doors,” Sarah asked. “Why do those animals appear on them when someone goes through?”

“Those animals are symbols,” the boy explained. “Of what, I cannot say. But once you go through the doors, you’ll understand their meaning.”

Miles gazed at the black door. He sniffled. “I wanna get out of here,” he said.

“The only way out is through a door,” the boy said, his voice soft.

“Okay, then I want that one,” Miles said, toddling up to the black door.

“Wait!” Sarah said. “I’m coming with you.”

“You cannot,” the boy said. “There are six doors for six people. Naturally, if two people went through the same door, one would remain unexplored. Therefore, only one person can pass through a door at a time.”

Sarah wanted to protest more, but she understood it was possibly her brother’s only way out. “Okay,” she said. “But will I see him again?”

“You will all see each other again,” the boy said. Sarah still couldn’t see his face, but felt like he was smiling.

“Then go. Be brave. Get us out of here,” Sarah told her brother, her voice shaking.

Miles nodded and vanished behind the door. A mastodon- stocky and strong- appeared on the door’s surface. “I’m starting to notice a theme,” Sarah said. “These are all extinct animals.”

“All but one,” the boy nodded. “But they’re connected in another way.”

“What way?” Sarah asked.

“I cannot say,” the boy replied with a shrug. “I really wish I could.”

Yoshiko had no clue where she was.

Of course, she knew what the environment was, but she didn't know how it could possibly connect to the Command Center in any way. She was outside, in a pristine forest. To her immediate left, the forest melted away into a beach. It was quiet, save for the sounds of scurrying wildlife. Off in the distance were two imposing mountains, although one seemed oddly shaped.

There were signs everywhere- the only sign of civilization. Yoshiko read one and found it had nothing useful to say, as it was a generic "Please Don't Litter" sign. The other signs around it seemed to be the same, even though they ironically littered the landscape. Studying them closer, she noticed the signs seemed to form a path that wound deeper into the woods.

"Guess I should follow that," Yoshiko muttered. "It's the only clue I have to figuring out what's going on around here."

As she walked, Yoshiko noticed the trees seemed to shrink, or perhaps she was going up a hill. Either way, the world around her was changing. What she didn't realize was that she was growing taller. Her muscles grew lean and toned and there were slight changes in her facial structure. She didn't feel or notice any of these gradual changes because she was too focused on the path of signs.

The dirt soon gave way to rock. Yoshiko noticed she was now on one of the mountains, looking down at the forest and sea. A stirring of nervousness filled her, but she dismissed it and kept climbing. In the distance, she could see something shining, giving off a hazy yellow glow.

"Well, that's obviously important," she said. "Maybe it's my ticket out of- no, our ticket out of here. Hell, maybe it'll tell me what happened to Crush."

As Yoshiko approached the yellow light, it suddenly shot into the air. With a rumbling sound, a spiral staircase rose out of the rock, carrying the glowing thing higher and higher. Various "Please Don't Litter" signs stuck out of the staircase at random angles, giving the whole thing a strange appearance. It was a mish-mash of natural and man-made materials.

Looking at the spiral staircase- which was about as high as a four-story building- gave Yoshiko a sense of dread. "Shit," she muttered. "How am I gonna get up that thing. It looks kind of scary."

Scary? That seemed to be an odd word to use. She wasn't Sarah's cowardly little brother. She was Yoshiko, and she was going to tough it out and get to the yellow glowing thing if it killed her.

As she took a step onto the staircase, her foot began to shake. She had an image in her mind of the rock crumbling underneath her, sending her spiraling down. Yoshiko brushed it off- albeit with more difficulty- and began to climb the staircase. With each step she took, the fear mounted. She could hear rumbling in the distance, like the growl of some animal, but could not identify the creature.

The ascent seemed to take forever, terror mounting within Yoshiko and becoming more and more raw and real. It wasn't physically challenging in the slightest despite its

odd shape, but Yoshiko still found it to be secretly fragile. This whole place was already impossible. Who's to say the rock wouldn't just crumble with a touch?

Finally, Yoshiko reached the very top of the staircase and found the source of the glow. Two daggers with yellow handles were lying on a block of yellow crystal. Yoshiko took them without hesitation. "Okay," she said, studying them. "They're daggers. What does that have to do with the doors in the Command Center and that bratty kid? I feel like I came all this way for no-"

Dust filled Yoshiko's vision as the rock crumbled beneath her feet. Her fear coming true, she grasped the crystal for dear life, even though it, too, was falling apart and downwards. Pure terror filled her every pore as she screamed. The crystal left her and shattered, sending Yoshiko spiraling into free-fall. Her hands held tight to the daggers. She was afraid to drop them, afraid of dying, afraid of splatting against the ground.

She never liked heights.

The rumbling grew louder as the second mountain began to move. A large mouth with huge tusks pulled itself free of the rock and swallowed up the falling Yoshiko with a single gulp. Shaking the rest of the rock off of itself, the beast revealed itself to be a robotic saber-toothed tiger. But Yoshiko didn't see this. She just saw its mouth, screaming louder as she fell right into it. She landed on something soft, which padded her fall.

Yoshiko was in the dark now, but the lights soon came on. The soft thing she landed on was a chair of some sort. Turning around, she found a set of controls behind her- controls she knew all too well. Looking down at the daggers in her hands, they seemed familiar too.

"Trini."

"Huh?" Yoshiko might have heard a voice, but her mind was growing hazy.

"Trini. The others are waiting for us."

"My name's not-" Yoshiko began, but her head felt so odd, her mind so weak. Completely stunned by her fall, she was unable to move or fight the new memories flowing into her as the old ones flooded out. It was as simple and powerful as water. She couldn't question it.

She held her Power Daggers in her hands. She was in the Sabertooth Tiger Zord. These were her weapons with which to fight evil. She was Trini Kwan, the Yellow Ranger. She'd never been anyone else.

But she was alone. Trini realized the other Rangers were all gone, leaving her in a strange position inside her Zord. After righting herself, she piloted the creature off to find the others. Her friends needed her.

Though she felt that perhaps one wasn't too far. Vague memories of a boy stayed with her. He was a boy met in darkness, but his voice cracked once. She knew who he sounded like when that happened. There could be no denying it.

She had to start there.

At around the same time, Miles was traversing the room behind the black door. If Miles wasn't scared before, he was terrified now.

The room he entered was black as coal, without a single source of light. He could see nothing. Only a thumping sound could be heard, low in pitch but thundering in volume. Miles wondered if there was anything else in the room with him. Whatever it was, it sounded big and scary, so he wanted nothing to do with it.

Running across the pitch-black landscape with no sense of direction, Miles tried to find the door. He eventually slammed into something solid and screamed. Falling to the floor, he cowered, waiting for it to do something.

When nothing happened, Miles assumed it was the door and began to feel his way around it for a handle or knob. He felt smooth, cold metal, but nothing else. He was really, truly trapped. Letting out a small cry of terror, Miles huddled against the thing that wasn't dangerous while the dangerous thing thump-thumped in the distance.

He wanted his sister to come help him. She always did. She'd always stop whatever she was doing to dry his tears. But she wasn't here, so he had to be brave. He had to somehow find the exit in the dark. With that in mind, he began feeling his way around again, trying to avoid the thumping.

The longer Miles searched the dark room, the less scary the thumping began. It became almost enticing. He began to idly tap his feet in tune with the thumping sound. He even found himself wanting to get closer. Maybe it was the way out.

Miles found himself turning calmer as he approached the thumping thing. It didn't seem to be moving, which was a major plus. That meant it wasn't a scary monster or some other unpleasant creature like the ones that over-ran Angel Grove. Or maybe it was. Maybe it wanted him to come to it. The thought snapped Miles out of his daze as the fear returned, but only briefly. He had to be brave. His sister wasn't here.

As Miles kept going towards the sound, he thought he heard voices- voices saying things, getting into his mind. The fear towards these voices dissipated even more quickly. He had to be brave. His sister wasn't here.

Finally, Miles found the source of the thumping. He felt it in his hands. It seemed small. Once again, it was metal, but had some plastic to it. It had a thin, metal antennae, which Miles could stand up. Running his hands over the front, he felt a vibrating spongy material with something hard underneath. The more he investigated, the more it appeared to be a speaker.

The entire time, he'd been fearing a common radio! How silly! Miles found a handle on the radio and picked it up. The thumping was no longer scary. In fact, it would probably keep the scary things away while he found an exit. That is, if there were any. Wasn't the Command Center supposed to keep them away?

Suddenly, there was light. Not a lot of light, but a few sparks coming from the radio. Miles yelped, as even these small sparks hurt his eyes. He dropped the radio on the floor as its beat intensified, becoming a song that was familiar and yet not familiar at all. Where had he heard this song?

Miles couldn't move for a while. His whole body locked up as his limbs stretched uncomfortably, but not painfully. He felt himself getting taller, his limbs getting longer. This surprised and startled him, but he had to be brave. His sister wasn't here.

Miles bent down to reach the radio and pick it back up carefully once it stopped sparking. He had to know what the song was. He found himself bending down a lot more than he normally would have. He then headed further into the dark room. The darkness began to fade away as he walked, the world around him slowly becoming

lighter. His skin underwent a reverse transformation. It became darker as the darkness itself seemed to stick to him. Even his hair was turned black. Miles didn't notice since the light was so welcoming.

Sitting at the brightest point in the light was an odd-looking cannon with an axe-face. Miles ran up to investigate, finding greater speed came with his taller height. Putting the radio down to pick up the axe, he panicked as he saw his new skin color for the first time. Trying to rub it off as if it was mere dirt did nothing. This was now his skin color, and it freaked him out, but he had to be brave. His sister wasn't here.

As Miles touched the axe, he could feel new muscles rippling under his skin. Where he was once probably unable to lift the weapon, he could now swing it around with ease. That'd show Rita's monsters! No, wait. He didn't fight Rita's monsters. Oh, yes he did. He fought them almost every day- sometimes with this weapon and sometimes with the huge robotic mastodon that was still somewhere in the darkness.

The thumping of the radio grew louder, filling his very soul. Now he knew the song. It was his favorite one to dance to! But he had no time to be messing around. Picking up the axe, he headed back into the dark to find the Mastodon Zord.

The identity of Miles was- like the radio- left abandoned on the floor. He never existed. The young man's name was Zack Taylor. He was brave. But his friends weren't there. As soon as he found the Zord, he had to hunt them down. He felt, oddly enough, that he'd found one already. There was a brief image of a boy in the back of his mind.

Perhaps that boy was...

The black and yellow doors disappeared at roughly the same time, with only the blue, red and white doors remaining as options. The room was silent until the doors vanished, save for the click-clack sounds of the boy investigating something on his laptop. He was so engrossed that it took a while for him to notice the doors were gone.

"Okay," he said. "There are three doors left. Make your choices now."

Molly let out a cry of despair, leading Sarah to comfort her. This only left Greg able to answer. "I'll go," he said. Looking at his options briefly, he added, "Uh, I'll take the white door."

The boy did not respond. He may have nodded. Greg left the two girls behind, opened the white door and shut it behind him. Two images appeared on its surface- a white tiger and a green dragon, locked in battle.

Sarah looked up briefly and saw the images, then found Greg missing. "So he chose that door," she said. "So that's the one without an extinct animal! But why are there two?"

"Because choices are to be made in that room," the boy replied. "It's a tricky one. Hopefully, he'll make the right ones."

"What do you mean?" Sarah asked.

The boy, predictably, dodged the question with a quick "I can't tell you yet," and returned to his laptop.

The room Greg entered was very small, with dull grey walls. It only had two items in it, one on a green pedestal and the other on a white one. One was a green dagger

that somewhat resembled a flute along its handle. The other was a short-sword with the head of a white tiger. There was nothing else in the room- not even the door he entered through.

Greg always thought of himself as a logical young man, so he did not touch either item and instead searched the room for any clues as to what the items were. The two pedestals had plaques with text on them. The green pedestal read, “Take Me For Power”. Its white counterpart read, “Take Me For Justice”. There were no other hints in the room.

“Well, there’s nothing else in the room except these items,” Greg noted. “It seems I can’t progress until I pick one. So I guess I’ll just use a tried-and-true method to decide.”

The “tried-and-true method” turned out to be Eeney-Meeny-Miney-Mo. It was childish, sure, but it was efficient. “Eeney-Meeny-Miney-Mo,” Greg began, starting on the green dagger. “Catch a tiger by the toe.”

When he said this, the white short-sword began to glow brightly. He felt himself drawn to it, but shook it off and continued his game. “If it hollers, let it go.”

Again, the staff glowed in response to his words. Greg stopped pointing as his voice became sluggish. “My. Mother. Said. To. Pick. The. Very. Best. One. And. You-” here, he took the short-sword in his hands. “Are. It.”

White light exploded throughout the room, blowing the green dagger away before Greg could react. He felt himself falling before all turned dark.

The white door was the stage for a vicious scene.

The tiger opened its fanged mouth wide and bit the head off of the dragon, kicking away the headless, bleeding body. It then took center stage on the door, green blood dribbling from its mouth. The whole ordeal was soundless, but nauseating to watch all the same.

“Well, that saves us some problems for later,” the boy said upon observing the tiger. “But it creates others.”

“How so?” Sarah asked.

“It means he’s chosen a path that fully protects him from Rita’s darkness,” the boy explained. “I can’t tell you the specifics. But the path he’s chosen might affect the timeline. Oh well. It’s already been blown to hell. I can’t tell you anymore about that, either.”

“Of course you can’t,” Sarah muttered. Raising her voice, she added, “But when can you tell us anything?”

“When the last door has opened and closed, and when you are all together again,” the boy explained. “Then I can tell you everything.”

“Molly,” Sarah whispered to her shaken friend, who was currently in fetal position. A whimper was her only response. “Molly! I think we need to go through the other doors.”

“Why?” Molly asked.

“Because it’s the only way out of here,” Sarah replied. “And it’s the only way we’re getting answers.”

“I want to get out of here so bad,” Molly begged.

“Then pick a door,” the boy said.

Observing the two remaining doors, she sniffled and said, “I’ll take the blue one. Blue’s my favorite color.”

“That leaves red for me,” Sarah said.

The two girls entered their chosen doors, which sealed behind them. The blue door bore the image of a triceratops, which appeared menacing despite its herbivorous nature. As for the red door, it now featured a roaring tyrannosaurus rex- the king of the dinosaurs.

Seeing the t-rex sent a wave of nostalgia through the boy. Using the laptop, he input a code, which made the image vanish. He then followed Sarah through the red door, laptop in hand. It sealed behind him, the image of the t-rex returning in all its glory.

Now, only the tiger, t-rex and triceratops remained in the room, radiating as much power and majesty as they could, even though there was no audience.

When Greg woke up, he noticed a few changes to himself and his environment.

He was in a room of the brightest white. There were large punching bags and speed bags melting into the floor and dangling from the ceiling. Occasionally, a punching bag or speed bag would fall to the floor like a drop of water, sticking to the ground and sinking in as it it were made of quicksand.

The changes to himself were more drastic. His body was more muscular. Instead of the beanpole of a body he was used to, he now had muscles that bulged out everywhere. His height hadn’t changed- he was always rather tall- but the new weight made his first few steps sluggish. His previously semi-long hair had been cropped short. It no longer tickled the back of his neck.

After trying to adjust to his new body for several minutes, Greg looked down to find the short-sword at his waist. He took a few steps forward, through the field of punching bags. He felt something sticky beneath his feet and realized they were now bare.

Suddenly, the room flashed red and white repeatedly. “Who are you to be declared king?” boomed a loud voice.

“What does that mean?” Greg asked.

“After all you’ve done in the past, do you really deserve to lead the Rangers, Tommy Oliver?” the voice repeated.

“My name isn’t Tommy!” Greg responded. “Wait. Tommy Oliver? As in one of the Rangers?”

“Don’t listen to that voice, Tommy!” came a new voice at Greg’s hip.

Looking down, Greg realized the voice came from the short-sword. “Wait, you can talk?” he asked.

“Of course I can talk!” the short-sword scoffed. “Now call upon my power! Hurry!”

“What does that-” Tommy began, but the white stuff now had streaks of blood-red. The punching bags shifted as waves of red and white cascaded down on Greg’s head.

“I was supposed to be the leader!” the booming voice shouted. “It was taken from me! Everything was taken from me!”

“What are you talking about Ja-” Greg began, but the waves pulled him under, making it hard to breathe.

The name of this voice leapt into his head. It was the boy. It was a Power Ranger. It was both. But weren’t the Power Rangers Rita’s slaves? Then how could that boy be a Ranger?

Another wave of red and white came along, dragging him away like a powerful rip current. Greg tumbled through the warm substance, his new muscles powerless against the force of the current. Some of the “water”- if it could be called that- flowed into his ears and went right to his brain. His ears popped as new memories came in.

“Tommy!” the short-sword cried. “Call upon the power of the White Tigerzord!”

“How do I do that?” Greg- no, Tommy- thought to himself as the strange liquid continued to wipe away his old self and replace it with something else, something more right and more true.

“You know the way,” the short-sword replied, as if it read his mind.

Tommy tumbled around, completely light-headed from his lack of air. Suddenly, he could see something- a golden light above. Forcing himself towards the light and breaking to the surface, he held the short-sword high in the air. “White Tigerzord!” he cried, coughing and spluttering as the waves took him under again.

A great robotic white tiger with the build of a bear appeared on the horizon. It charged towards the drowning Tommy, opening its cock-pit. Desperately, Tommy clambered on, new memories continuing to fill his mind and making his head buzz like a thousand bees were trapped in his skull.

Lying in the cockpit of the white tiger, he puffed and panted. “I-” he began, but no words came out.

“You may be a legend, but I came first,” the voice boomed. “I am the leader!”

“No. Zordon made me leader!” Tommy roared. “He trusts me! Why can’t you?”

There was a long pause. Finally, the voice- soft and no longer angry, said, “Then I shall. Let’s stop fighting and work together as leaders. Now go forth and ensure our future as Rangers.”

The voice vanished, leaving an exhausted Tommy alone inside the White Tigerzord. He could hear the waves dying down, but it didn’t matter how strong they were. Against the sides of the White Tigerzord, they meant nothing. The waves merely lapped against the side of the otherworldly metal. Holding tight to the short-sword, he knew what to do next. He had to find the others.

Using the short-sword’s- no, Saba’s- power, he led the White Tigerzord out of the ocean. A light filled him with each step the creature took. It was the White Light of Good. It would protect him. It would lead him to greatness. But he still had questions about the cries of his fellow Ranger. Why was he so upset before? Was he somehow controlling this place?

Of course he was. For that Ranger was the boy. He had to find the boy quickly. He had to let the boy know it would be alright.

Behind in the lonely room, the white door disappeared, leaving only two- the blue and red doors. What unfolded next occurred at roughly the same time. We will begin with what lurked behind the blue door.

Molly was in what appeared to be an extension of the Command Center, loaded with technology and gadgets. But there was one issue. The whole place wobbled. It was like she was walking through a bright, sunny place on a hot day. The temperature was just as warm. The whole experience was like finding a mirage in the desert.

The room was quiet, still, unmoving except for the occasional flash that warned Molly that this place was disconnected from reality. At the other side of the room was a vial of blue liquid. Molly approached it cautiously to find a piece of note paper next to it. The paper simply read, “Drink me to defeat the monsters” in scrawled handwriting.

Something about the chicken scratch hit Molly right in the heart. Too many times had she seen Rita’s monsters terrorize everyone. Too many times had she watched, helpless and friends, family and classmates were all devoured or changed or brainwashed. So she swallowed the entire vial without really thinking about it. Emotion was in the driver’s seat, and Molly didn’t care.

At least, she didn’t care until she started to feel horribly ill, like she was going to throw up. The floor gave way out from under her, dropping her a few feet into a new room. This room was dark, lit only by huge beakers filled with glowing substances. They appeared to be reflective as well. Molly squeaked and used one of the beakers to check herself for injuries. She was entirely unhurt. With that established, Molly leaned against the beaker, her breaths ragged. That vial likely contained poison. She was going to die alone in these tunnels.

All alone.

Molly began to panic and hyperventilate once more. If only she was as strong as her friends. They were masters of athletics. And she? Well, she was a nerd. A computer geek. She wasn’t built for such things.

These new thoughts entered Molly’s mind one after the other. She gave no resistance. They were just facts. She didn’t notice anything odd. After all, she was a nerd before she even set foot in the Command Center. But her friends weren’t all athletes. This contradictory thought flitted through her head, but only for a moment. She could then see their faces again, and realized they’d gone missing.

She had to find them, and fast.

This new drive sent her down the tunnel- in which direction she didn’t know. She didn’t notice the true effects of the blue vial and the general area until she felt her neck grow cold. Molly’s whole body shivered in response, until she remembered her long hair should be covering it. Feeling the back of her neck, she found no hair. She turned to a nearby beaker and screamed to find her hair had grown shorter and somewhat messy. Her glasses were also different, with thinner frames compared to her “Harry Potter” glasses that she had before.

Glancing from beaker to beaker, she found the same changes reflected back at her. In her panic, Molly tripped on something invisible, crashing to the floor. Her glasses landed only a few feet away, but it took several minutes for her to pick them up. In that time, her clothing changed, becoming a blue collared shirt and a neat pair of jeans.

When Molly stood again, she heard a voice cry out. It was drowned by static and came in and out of existence, like someone talking on a telephone with bad reception.

“...illy...Billy...do you read? It’s me...I...lost in the tunnel...can’t...need help...”

Billy- for that was her name, after all- gasped in terror. It was the boy from the Command Center, and yet it wasn't. The voice was deeper, older, like it had been when his voice cracked. He was her friend. She had to find him.

He said he was somewhere in the tunnel, so Billy ran through the darkness, being careful not to trip on anything again. She couldn't lose her glasses again. Despite her careful steps, she was moving as fast as she dared. Her friend needed help. These chemicals were highly toxic. He shouldn't really be playing with them.

Again, Billy didn't question where this knowledge came from. Her whole head felt full, like new knowledge was being stuffed into it with every step. It made her sluggish, but she had to help her friend, so she fought the sluggishness as best she could.

Finally, Billy reached an open chamber with a large staff at the center. Surrounding the staff- its eyes closed as if asleep- was a large robotic triceratops. It was a Zord. His Zord. It was the Zord of Billy Cranston, which meant he was Billy Cranston.

The mental transition from female to male was brief and painless, but the physical one the followed as he picked up the staff and made a break for the Zord was anything but. Falling to his knees, Billy cried out as his breasts vanished, replaced by a flat chest. A new organ arrived to replace his breasts, marking him as a biological male. The whole thing took about two minutes, but felt more like two hours.

There were several more wasted minutes as Billy lay on the floor in pain, still clutching the staff, as minor changes took place. He gained an Adam's apple in his throat, which settled in like a lump in one's throat when they cried. His body and face made several minor tweaks, erasing the curves of his previous body.

Though his body was busy changing, it was the mind that was changing most of all. The staff and the vial were reacting together, causing a great change in Billy's head. He knew where the voice was coming from. It was a communicator, of his own invention. Come to think of it, he knew this place well. He discovered and repaired it. He probably would have been more hesitant to do so if he'd known the transformations that happened here were so painful.

When the agony finally subsided, Billy rose to his feet to find the previously sleeping triceratops was now "awake", investigating him with cold, lifeless eyes. It opened up its cock-pit and Billy hopped in. He felt much safer inside his Zord than he did outside of it. He knew every single switch on the command panel. Perhaps he knew them even better than his teammates. But he didn't let that kill his modesty. They were a team, and each had an important role to play.

The Triceratops Zord raced off into the darkness, following the lights of the toxic chemicals. They were not actually toxic, but backups in case the Power Staff was not found. They were meant to change one's gender. Billy had a vague memory of testing it out on Tommy as a joke Zack came up with, but the memory was vague. It might not have occurred.

After all, false memories were just a part of the game.

As Molly was approaching the blue vial that would seal her fate, Sarah was in a room with red walls, red floors and nothing else. It was a hallway that stretched on forever, with no end in sight.

"Excuse me?" asked a familiar voice, small and shaking.

From seemingly out of nowhere came the boy, still holding his laptop. Sarah gasped as she saw the wings on his back and the tail that swished behind him. “Were- were you a monster this whole time?” she asked.

The boy sighed. “I told you. I don’t work with Rita,” he said. “I’m not a monster. I was just changed. See, this room is special. Well, to me, anyway. So I wanted to come along.”

Before Sarah could say anything else, the boy typed a few words into his laptop, causing the hallway before them to explode into a sea of red that streamed down. There was a narrow metal walkway leading to another red platform. Below the walkway, five lights crackled and burst.

“What is that?” Sarah asked.

“That?” the boy asked. “Oh nothing. It’s just a simulated version of the Morphin’ Grid. It’s where the Rangers once got their powers.”

“Then why are there only five lights?” Sarah asked. “There were six Rangers on TV. And look at the red one! It’s flickering so much!”

“That’s because a Red Ranger is here, but he’s not meant to be in this dimension,” the boy said. “Or in this form.”

There was a long pause as Sarah studied the boy, the Morphin’ Gird, then the boy again. “Wait,” she said. “Are you trying to tell me you’re the Red Ranger? But that isn’t possible!”

“In my dimension, Rita attempted to make the Rangers her Evil Moon Rangers,” the boy explained. “But another force intervened, turning all the Rangers into children instead. We possess these wings and tails. We possess the power of Alpha and Omega- the ability to twist and cross dimensions. But we were separated. Even if we weren’t, we aren’t the native Rangers. We don’t belong here. I don’t belong here. But I can try to help.”

“So let me try and get this straight,” Sarah said, her voice shaking. “You’re from another dimension. In that dimension, you were the Red Ranger. But you’re not the Red Ranger here.”

“Basically,” the boy said with a shrug.

“So what you’re saying is that- no. That’s completely impossible,” Sarah said.

The boy extended his hand. “My name is Jason Lee Scott, former Red Ranger and defender of justice,” he said.

It was at this point Sarah fainted.

As Molly was wandering down the hall that led to her transformation into Billy, Jason- or the boy who was once Jason- picked up the fainted Sarah with surprising strength and carried her across the walkway to the platform on the other side. This platform led to a new room. It was an exact replica of the Juice Bar, save for a few things.

The ceiling was far higher than the actual Juice Bar. The Power Sword and Tyrannosaurus Zord were in a corner, both waiting patiently for their wielder. There was also a tank a little larger than a bathtub of a red substance in the center of the room. Jason knew from his time poking around that it wasn’t blood. It was a transformative substance. Without any input from Sarah, he dropped her in.

The girl shot awake the second her body hit the cold fluid. It had the consistency of water. She screamed as she saw the red all around her. Trying to get out of the tank, Sarah found she couldn't move. Whatever this red stuff was, it was paralyzing her from the neck down.

"Calm down," came a youthful voice. "It isn't blood."

Sarah looked down at the younger Jason, the one who set this trap. If she was being turned into a Ranger, that meant all her friends were too, as well as her brother. Maybe they'd already let go of their former selves.

"Why are you doing this?" she roared, a new fire for justice in her heart.

"Because I have to!" Jason shot back. "The person who did this to me put me under another spell- a spell that protects me from being transformed. So that stuff won't effect me at all. Believe me- if it did, I'd soak in it, drink it or do whatever I had to do to become the Red Ranger again. But I can't. My morpher no longer works. My home world has no-one to oppose Rita. In fact, she's going to other worlds and enslaving them with ease! This is all I can do, and I'm doing it because I'm not gonna do nothing!"

Sarah felt her arms bulk up uncomfortably. She now had the strong arms of a master martial artist on a tiny body, which was a rather comical look. "Well, just because you can't be a Ranger anymore doesn't mean you have to force it on other people!" she snapped. "We're just normal teens! We had nothing to do with the fight between the Rangers and Rita!"

"If I did nothing, the monsters would've gotten you and made you part of Rita's army. Hell, they might even have killed you!" Jason roared. "I told you- I'm doing what I can for the dimensions I come to!"

"But you're killing us in the process!" Sarah shouted as her legs beefed up to match her arms. "You're killing us by turning us into all these other people!"

Jason sighed as he watched his original body come back to life in front of him- a body that he could never have again. "I hate this body," he muttered, his voice choked by a sob.

"I don't- wait, what?" Sarah asked.

"I hate this little kid's body! I can't do anything to help people other than manipulate whatever traps I find!" Jason cried, tears streaming down his face. "I can't morph. I can't be the Red Ranger anymore. Even with Alpha and Omega, there are so many enemies around that I'd get overpowered eventually!"

"Well this still isn't right," Sarah said, her voice deepening.

"You're right. It isn't," Jason sobbed. "After all, the first rule I learned in martial arts was to never attack others unprovoked. If this isn't some kind of an attack, I don't know what is. But now it's too late. The transformations are permanent. I can't change you back. I'm so, so sorry."

Sarah fell silent as a fair chunk of her hair fell away, leaving her with a shorter haircut that turned jet black in an instant. Watching and receiving no response, Jason added, "Sorry about these, too. All the tears." He wiped them away. "They're stupid. I've cried more in this form than I ever have in my life. The being that made me like this wanted me to go forth and find the truth about humanity, but all I've seen in every dimension is evil. Forgive me."

Sarah let out a low moan as her entire body bulked up, shredding her dress in the process. Its remains became a large red t-shirt and jeans. Her breasts were modest

before, but became smaller, smaller and then gone. Her face underwent minor restructuring until it matched the Red Ranger. In fact, the boy before her looked much like a younger version of herself.

No. Himself. It was easier if she just accepted that she was a boy now. The last part of her physical transformation- the arrival of a penis- confirmed her thoughts. New information and memories flooded his head, pushing the old ones out as they went. The younger Jason simply stayed outside the tank on his knees, one hand on it, looking down to hide the fresh wave of tears that came with his guilt, his grief and his little boy body.

Outside, the Morphin' Grid lit up with a blue light. The red light ceased its flickering and became strong. Despite how the younger Jason felt about it now, his mission was completed. The Power Rangers had risen to fight evil once more.

With the Morphin' Gird repaired, five large doors appeared in the other rooms. They led to the place that the "Juice Bar" was rising towards. The entire room was steadily floating upwards, though a hole out of the Command Center. The younger Jason remained on his knees and unmoving. His older counterpart was not moving either, due to the new memories and personality still flooding in.

Outside, the other five Zords were waiting, each one piloted by a former ordinary teen or child. It was a sight this world might never have seen again. It was also a sight that required many sacrifices. It was there and it was done. Thinking this allowed the younger Jason to wipe his eyes. It was there and done, and- no matter what he thought- he could not reverse what he'd done.

The younger Jason slunk into the shadows as the paralyzing agent restraining the older Jason finally wore off, allowing him to stand. He watched silently as Billy leapt off of his Zord. The other Rangers quickly left their Zords to meet him.

"Thank goodness you're all safe," Kimberly said.

"I found these while I was trying to find you guys," Billy explained. In his arms were six morphers (complete with Power Coins) and six communicators.

"Weird. Did we drop them?" Zack asked. "I don't remember them being stolen, either."

"So where did that boy go?" Trini asked. "I needed to talk with him."

"Me too," Tommy added. "He sounded like Jason but a lot younger. I'd say maybe eleven or so."

"Well, I'm here now," Jason said. "I'm not any younger. At least, I don't remember being younger."

"That settles that, I guess," Trini said. "Maybe that kid wasn't you. Maybe he was just trying to help us reunite."

"Mission accomplished," Tommy said, a bit nervously as faint memories of a red and white room drifted through his mind. "Jason-"

An earth-shattering quake broke up the conversation. "That must be one of Rita's monsters!" Zack cried.

"Everyone! Get to your Zords!" Jason commanded.

Before long, the Rangers were gone, leaving the younger Jason alone. This caused the boy to ball his small hands into fists. This whole transformation thing was

such a stupid idea! It was so impulsive! Wouldn't it have been easier to release the existing Power Rangers from Rita's control?

No. With her power over this dimension, that would be even more reckless.

There was no reason for the boy to remain here. He'd done his work. Giving the new Power Rangers one last look as they left in their Zords, he looked up at the night sky. "By the power of Alpha and Omega," he whispered.

The younger Jason vanished, blown away by the wind, as if he'd never set foot in that particular dimension. But- though his heart was aching and he'd vowed never to use such transformations again- his plan worked to perfection. It would only take a few months for the new Rangers to defeat Rita, drive out her monsters and restore peace to Angel Grove.

In the end, justice finally prevailed.